

# The Holt County Sentinel.

51ST YEAR.

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## MARCHING FORWARD.

Oregon, the Old Home Town, in the Procession of Progressives.

OMAHA, NEB., October 1, 1915.  
EDITORS SENTINEL:—I see that Oregon is going to do some paying. That's fine! The announcement reminds me that several months ago I said something about paying in the article I had in Midwest Magazine about the Women's Union. Maybe that helped some.

There is plenty of stone suitable for macadamizing within easy reach of Oregon, hence there is no reason why first-class permanent roads should not radiate out in every direction from the old home town, just like spokes from a hub. We Nebraskans are fortunate in the respect that our roads are the best dirt roads in America, and seldom are they in bad shape save immediately after a hard rain, and then they remain bad only a few hours. But practically every town of 500 or more in Nebraska has a live commercial club, and these clubs make it a point to see that the roads are kept in good shape.

Now Oregon ought to insure good roads in every direction, and not only increase her trade territory but make it easier for those who already make Oregon their trading point. The easier it is to trade the more apt people are to trade.

It took Oregon half a century to get railroad connections, and the project was opposed up to the last minute. Is there an Oregonite who favors going back to the old pump-kerosene-lamp tallow dip day? You had kickers on paying, but you won. After that paying has been down two or three years there will not be one who would consent to going back to the old days of chuck holes and mud-holes. There will be great opposition to building permanent roads, but after they have been built and their blessings realized and enjoyed, no one would consent to returning to the old system.

Now that the good work has been pushed thus far, Oregon ought to build a city hall—one that would furnish headquarters for a volunteer firemen's association and its apparatus, a council chamber, offices for the city officials and an auditorium capable of seating six or eight hundred people. It would be a paying investment, for it would encourage young men to take an interest in fire prevention. It would bring returns from rentals of the auditorium. It would be a community center where civic pride and enthusiasm would be inculcated.

York, Nebraska, was a bare prairie when Oregon had a thousand people. Today York has a population of more than 7,000. The country round about is no better than the country around Oregon—if as good. There has never been a licensed saloon in York. Why is York larger than Oregon? Well, I think I know. It is because the people of York went after things. They went out and secured three big colleges; they encouraged the establishment of a business college that is now one of the largest in the Middle West. They secured the location of a great Methodist orphanage, of a Swedish Lutheran orphanage and the Nebraska Odd Fellows' orphanage. They equipped a Chautauque grounds with permanent buildings—and last year more than 25,000 people passed through the gates during the ten days of the season—an average of 2,500 a day. They have paved fourteen miles of streets—and have arranged to pave six more next year. They clipped in and built a Y. M. C. A. building that cost \$60,000. Growing tired of poor hotel accommodations they organized a stock company and are now erecting a hotel that will cost about \$100,000—and the stockholders do not expect more than savings' bank interest on their investment. They made it for the good of York. I am not telling these things to boost York, but to encourage Oregon. The old home town has many natural advantages that York does not possess, and York possesses none that Oregon does not also enjoy. York and Holt counties are about the same size in area, but York has about one-third more population. The larger population is due to the fact that York county made her resources known and attracted a virile lot of farmers and merchants.

WHAT YORK HAS DONE OREGON MAY EASILY DO, for Oregon has the wealth now, and York had to work on faith and hope.

Too near St. Joseph? Stuff and nonsense! York is the center of a square whose sides are about a hundred miles in length. Lincoln with 60,000 people is on one corner; Fre-

mont with 15,000 is on another corner, Grand Island with 12,000 or 15,000 is on another corner, and Hastings with 15,000 is on another corner. Within this square are a number of cities of from 2,500 to 4,000—David City, Seward, Aurora, Osceola, Central City, Wahoo, Columbus. It does not matter how good neighboring cities are, provided your own is the best. If the people of Oregon so will it, they can make Oregon a city of 5,000 to 8,000 people within the next twelve or fifteen years; a city of colleges, small factories, big mercantile houses and prosperity.

I am anxious for the day to come when I can ride on Oregon paying and rejoice with my old friends and neighbors in the increasing prosperity of the old home town. A few more copious doses of ginger and Oregon will become known far and wide as a city that is progressive, enterprising and choke full of public spirit. It will give me great pleasure to help make all these facts known to the world at large when Oregon really hits her stride. Sincerely,  
WILL M. MAUPIN.

## September Weather.

The month of September, 1915, had its oddities just as the month of August, and in fact almost every month thus far during the year. It was an exceedingly wet month, but not as wet as some previous Septembers.

In temperature it was 2 degrees below the mean for the month, while in rainfall it was nearly double the normal. In 1898 we had 10 inches of rain; in 1905 we had 12.06 inches; in 1911 we had 7.05 while in 1915 we had 6.31 inches.

The mean temperature for the month was 60 degrees, while the normal for the month is 68 degrees.

The Nodaway was out of its banks on the 13th and 15th, but only for a short time, making the 5th time during the year thus far. These dates were in February, April, May, June, and September 13, 18 and 25. The river derives its name from the Indian, "Neotawa," meaning "Snake" river, owing to the meanderings of the stream, and most any very heavy rainfall will put it out of its banks on account of these meanderings.

The hottest day during the month was 80 degrees on the 12th, and the coldest was 39 on the 21st.

The rainfall at Mound City was 6.04 inches.

The extremes for the month of September, 1915, were:

	Max.	Min.
7.....	83	41
10.....	85	55
11.....	82	21
12.....	80	22
13.....	80	30
Mean maximum, 75.		
Mean minimum, 55.		
Mean, 66.		

Rainfall, 6.31 inches; heaviest 24-hour fall was 2.17 inches on the 25th and 26th.

The rainfall for the month at Mound City was 6.04 inches.

On the night of September 21 and morning of 22, there was a slight frost at different points throughout the county, but only slight damage to tender vines and flowers.

## The Tie That Binds.

Recorder Dankers is still kicking because so few people are inclined to take the marriage vow, and hence very few marriage licenses are called for—only nine asked for this character of document at his office during the month of September, and here they are:

Cotten, Russel, of Forest City and Verna Preston, of Bigelow, September 28, by Rev. B. H. Dawson.

Freeze, John T., of Eads, Colorado, and Violet M. Names, of Chivington, Colorado, September 20, by Rev. W. L. Meyer.

Hopper, Arthur L., and Jennie Y. Blachly, both of Forest City, September 7, by Jacob King, J. P.

Lusk, Grant, of Maltland, and Margaret Gibbs, of Forbes, September 4, by Rev. W. D. Lukens. Consent given by bride's mother.

Mohler, Wayne, and Hanna Mae Drake, both of Mound City, September 24.

Price, Alfred T., and Louetta Margaret Klinepeter, both of Oregon, September 1, by Rev. T. D. Roberts.

Rayhill, Claud, of Oregon, and Clara Carman, of Valley Park, Mo., September 27, by Rev. F. C. Dissinger.

Wood, Galen and Miss Vera Waggoner, both of Forest City, September 27, by Rev. T. A. Clagett.

Wright, Neal, of Craig, and Ila Lee Baker, of Fairfax, September 12, by Rev. T. J. Puckett.

—C. D. Zook had business in St. Joseph, Monday of this week.

## Heavy Damage Suits.

If all the damage suits are tried at the coming term of court Judge Burnes will be busy for several days. It seems that the C. H. & Q. R. R. Co. will come in for its share, as a number of large land owners from Bigelow, south to Forest City, who own land adjacent to the R. R. Co. right-of-way, have brought suit against the company for damages, claiming that the R. R. Co. have in some way or other, caused the water to stand on their land and injured their crops.

R. C. Hatawell, who owns about 320 acres of grass land, just south of Bigelow, has brought suit against the company for \$4,000, in which he charges that the company moved a 110-foot bridge just south of Bigelow and put in a concrete culvert four feet in width, and that by reason of said change, the flood waters were held upon plaintiff's land, damaging his hay.

C. C. Brown, Thomas Foley, Michael Fitzmaurice, Ed Fitzmaurice, Howard Douglas and Walter Fitzmaurice have each filed separate suits against the company, in which they complain that the company put in a bridge across Kimsey Creek and that the bridge was so constructed that it obstructed the flow of water in such a way as to cause the water to back up over their lands and destroy their crops. They are each asking damages in various amounts, from \$500 to \$2,000. Tibbels, O'Fallon and Bridgeman will represent the plaintiffs in these cases.

John Coughlin, the hay king of Bigelow, also filed suit against the company by R. R. Martin, of St. Joseph, Missouri, as attorney, asking \$2,000 damages to his hay crop by reason of the narrowing of the water way south of Bigelow, as alleged in the Hatawell petition above mentioned.

## An Old-Timer.

Did you ever take time to sit down and listen to the stories told by the early-day settlers—how they managed to get along in the days when there was no railroad, no telephone, no horse and carriage, no automobile—how happy and contented they were in those days in their old log cabins, and home-spun garments?

We had the pleasure of meeting with one of those old pioneers of the county in the person of John Turner, of near Forest City, who for 71 years has been a constant resident of our county, and for over 60 years has been living on the same old farm a few miles north of Forest City.

Mr. Turner is the son of Russel Turner, now deceased many years. The family came to Holt county in the spring of 1844, from Morgan county, Iowa, where John was born, June 23, 1838. The family came in the old ox-team wagon, and found their way to the Carter place, north of Forbes, where they rested, and thence came on a little further north and planted their Jacob's staff on the land just west of Oregon and now owned by T. C. Dungan and occupied by Charles Zachman. Here the father put up a single burr gnat mill and still, going to St. Louis by steamboat to purchase the necessary machinery, embarking at the Hank's wood-landing, to which point the machinery was shipped. There was plenty of water then in the creek, and it furnished abundant power, but in a few years the supply became inadequate, and the Turneys sought another place, and located on the present Turney place, where John still lives, and consists of 240 acres, and a few miles north of Forest City. The parents died, and John purchased the interests of the surviving heirs, and thus became the owner of the old homestead, and where he is still living, and has been living for 67 years, barring the time he was serving Uncle Sam, in defense of the Union.

Ovie King and family, a nephew, conducts the farm for Mr. Turner, and he simply looks on and takes life easy in his 78th year. Physically and mentally he is wonderfully well preserved, and is one of those who get much out of life, as he drifts along. He married Drusilla, a daughter of Wm. Lunsford, Sr., a pioneer of that section. His wife died Sept. 12, 1906, and they were the parents of seven children, all of whom are living: Mrs. Jennie Koller: Riley, Perry, Mrs. Ralls, and John H., of Forest City; Arnold, of Sparks, Oklahoma; W. E., of St. Joseph; and these have brought Uncle John four grandchildren. During the Civil war period, Mr. Turner was an intensely Union man and he enlisted in the old 13th Missouri Infantry, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Lexington; on being paroled he enlisted in the 33d Missouri Infantry, and his third en-

listment was in the 24 Nebraska Cavalry, where he participated in the Indian campaigns.

Among those who came to the county with the Turney family were the Barrett brothers, William and George, and George Turnham, father of William Turnham, of this city. These have long since passed over the river, but some of their children and their children's children are still residing in the county. The old original Barrett log cabin is still standing just north of Forbes, and can be seen as you pass by on the train, which was not dreamed of by these early pioneers of our county.

## Paving Contract Let.

The City Council on Friday of last week, October 1st, awarded the contract for the paving of certain streets in our city to A. Jaichs Paving Company, of Kansas City, at \$1.84 per square yard for paving and 84 cents per lineal foot for curbing and guttering. The paving will be of asphaltum on six inch concrete base, and the grading was let to the same firm at 25 cents per cubic yard.

The work of grading and preparation of the base for the surfacing will begin in the course of a week or ten days, but owing to the lateness of the season the surfacing will not be attempted until the coming of spring and frost is out of the ground.

We hope for an honest piece of work on the part of the contractor, and that Mr. Leslie, the engineer, will see to it that every phase of the contract is strictly complied with.

It is regrettable that this work could not have been reached and completed before the coming of winter, but the council met obstacles here and there, and to remove these, and to make sure their premises, required, and as great bodies move slowly, the old adage was verified in this case, and we believe all our people are now satisfied, of course with a few exceptions, with the course pursued by Mayor Richards and the city council.

With the completion of the paving of these nine blocks, our city takes another advanced step of which every individual citizen may well feel proud, and we believe it is but the beginning of a system of paving that within the next few years, will include many additional blocks, and the greater portion of the central part of our city will be paved. We hope the day is not far distant when Nodaway street will be paved its entire length and handsomely parked along its residence portion, as also Washington street from the depot to its extreme southern limit, and Main street from the bridge to Pine street.

With this decision in the initiative, Oregon keeps step with the music of progress and places herself in the front rank of progressive cities of Northwest Missouri. With her paved streets every citizen who has that pride, which he should have in his hometown can say with just boastfulness:

Our city has \$50,000 invested in a light and water plant.

She has \$60,000 invested in her local interurban railroad.

She invested \$10,000 to give the people of the county a modern court house.

She has recently voted \$25,000 for a new high school building.

The paving as ordered and contracted for is estimated to cost some \$40,000. What town in the state of 1,200 population can show a better or more progressive record.

Business men of Oregon now get busy and go after the road problem, and have the roads leading to your town the very best possible, for the trading public will seek the town that gives them the best roads, to get to that town, and the trade of these people is what makes the town—it makes the mare go.

—Miss Nellie Graham, of St. Joseph, was here over Sunday with her parents.

—Rev. H. N. Kunkel, pastor of the M. E. church, of Dorchester, Neb., who has been visiting his parents, numerous relatives and friends here for several days, has returned home. He had been attending the annual conference in season at Omaha, and has been returned to Dorchester.

**You are invited to attend the Corn and Fruit Show in Oregon, Friday and Saturday of this week, October 8 and 9. Select some products in these lines and bring them to town—you stand a good show to win a cash prize. The celebrated New Point Band will furnish the music.**

## AT THE SEA SHORE.

Harry Petree Tells of His Trip to the Sea Shore and Return to Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 21, 1915.

DEAR FATHER:—

My last letter ended with my first night at the seashore. After my night's rest I awoke refreshed, and went with my friend to the shore to watch the fish boats come in. This made a very interesting picture. The boats are probably forty feet long, and are driven by a strong gas motor. They quickly approach the shore, but about a half mile out are seen to hesitate, running back and forth for almost half an hour, waiting for just the right moment, so they can rush in without an accident. The sea is high, and several men have lost their lives recently by the boat tipping over, as many of the fishermen cannot swim. The wave comes in three, followed by a smooth space, which is what the captain is looking for. When he sees his chance he shoots in toward the shore. The only danger now is that in riding over a swell the motor will spin in the air, losing ground enough that a wave from behind will bring disaster; but since a recent accident caused in this way the crew carry oars to avoid this. The boat comes tearing toward shore, the captain jumps out, runs upon the shore, rollers are placed under the boat, and horses pull it high out of the water. When the boat was watching landed, we went down to inspect the catch. It proved to be light, but there were many fish that were strange to me, including skates, a three foot shark, weakfish, one of the most common varieties. (In Washington the boarding houses feed them to us and call them sea trout, and several others I do not recall.) About 10:30 I decided to try a little surf bathing, so I got a suit and stayed in for about three hours. It was surely thrilling, as the sea was high and cross currents strong. You saw a wave coming toward you, perhaps eight or ten feet high; just before it hits you you dive into it; at times a cross current catches you and whirrs you around, or, as once happened to me, drags you along the bottom. Twice a current swept me beyond the life lines and the coast, so that I almost felt like calling for help, but each time I just let the sea have its way and came to shallow water in a short time. Another fine sport is to jump into a wave just after it breaks and let it carry you toward the shore. In doing that, one must be careful that the waves does not break in his face, as once I got my neck twisted slightly by making the jump just in time that the edge of the wave piled over on my head. They tell me that a greener like myself is always inclined to be reckless, because he doesn't fully realize the might of the sea.

After my experience here, the swimming at Atlantic City seemed rather tame.

I spent the rest of the day, working on my wheel, and got ready to leave early the next day.

At 5:30, the next morning, I was off for Lakewood, on the road to Atlantic City. Early as it was, the road was dotted with truck farmers, with their horses and wagons on their way to the various summer resorts and hotels. The country seemed to be quite a fruit and vegetable section. I passed one farm which was a veritable chicken ranch, with thousands of white chickens dotting it. Lakewood proved to be a very pretty and interesting place, and is a summer resort, but mostly a winter resort. It has several fine hotels entirely out of proportion to its small size. It gets its name from a beautiful lake on one side, and when I saw it I wished (as I did at dozens of other places I saw on my trip) that I had a summer to spend in that one place. A few minutes was all I could spare and, passing a hospital in the edge of town, I was off down the coast. Here again was the green belt of oak and pine for twenty-five miles. This took me out of the resort country, and down into the salt marsh section, a very desolate place indeed, where the only farming done is the cutting of some wild hay, and where for the most part the "Jersey skeeter" reigns undisturbed. They almost drove me crazy, as I could scarcely stop even for a drink on account of them. I saw a tall monument which I presumed to be on some historic spot, probably in commemoration of some important event of the Revolution, but did not care to risk mosquitoes while stopping to read the inscription. At last I reached Pleasantville, about five miles from Atlantic City, and was free from the pests. Here I talked to some boys who felt sorry for me on account of my supposedly destitute condition. Why was I riding a bike if not compelled to? They told me I could get a job pushing a wheel chair at Atlantic City. I demurred because of my clothes, but one boy consoled me by saying, "They have got worse looking ones than you pushing chairs." I thought this pretty bad, and told a kid about it in Atlantic City. He said, "Well, they have." My condition was hopeless.

However, I located another friend, Mr. Nafziger, my room-mate at Washington, and he lent me a suit which fit most excellently. I got a room in a hotel and in the evening we went down to the celebrated "board walk."

This is 50 or 60 feet wide at the widest I should judge. It extends several miles, and is lined with stores and amusement booths of all kinds, in fact everything imaginable for the painless extraction of the elusive bankroll. The only way to save it is not to bring it. It was after Labor Day, so the crowds had thinned down, but Nafziger said that the day before he counted the people passing a point

one way for one minute (they were going about equally both ways), and the number was 120, or about 250 both ways in a minute, or 5,000 in twenty minutes. This should give an idea of the crowds when it is remembered that there is several miles of walk. This is their best street, at least in the summer, and a person could live on the walk all summer and get everything he needed right on the walk. A number of hotel fronts on the walk. Some of these hotels are wonderful affairs, particularly the Traymore, the largest fire proof resort hotel in the world, and the Marlborough-Blenheim. Extending out into the ocean for a matter of 200 yards are several piers: the Steeplechase Pier, mostly children's amusements; the Milton Dollar Pier, with first a dancing pavilion, then an auditorium for vaudeville, etc., then the residence of Captain Young with a real lawn with grass, shrubs and statues, all this out over the water; and on the end were fish nets, as two hauls are made daily on the pier. There is also the pier containing Keith's vaudeville, and another containing Heinz 57 display. It is all very fine indeed, but not very restful, and for a real vacation I should prefer one of the smaller resorts on the upper coast. I took a swim of about four hours the next day, during which I saw the life guard make a rescue of persons who had been swept out to sea by the undertow. A fine feature of the salt water swimming is that it is not tire-some and even after four hours of continuous exercise in it I felt fine.

The next morning I was up at five, and had the scare of my life. I couldn't find my bike. I was afraid I would have to take a train to Washington, which would be a bitter pill to swallow, indeed, but it turned out that the landlady had put it up, so it was all right. At six I was on the White House Pike for Philadelphia, through a fine fruit country. There were two things I should have liked to take time to see. One was a field of flowers (I forget the name) of 170 acres, a mile or so from the road, and the other was a factory where Liberty Cut Glass is made. By 1:00 p. m. I had reached my police station where I visited my friends, the cops; I asked where I could find an eating house, and they directed me to The Old Man's Oyster House, where I got an excellent meal. The policemen all seemed to be as proud of me as if I were their only son. Mr. Donahue said, speaking of the trip, "Sooner you than me, but you're the husky lad, all right." To prove this, policemen can be almost human at times, they gave me some good advice as to how best to keep from being pinched for not having a light or belt; also some good advice for use in case I was caught. I parted company with them with real reluctance, for I never ran across better hearted men, and at their request I sent them an account of the remainder of my trip.

I reached Newark, Delaware, half an hour after dark, and asked the police force (singular) where to find lodging. He found it for me, a worse bed I never tried to sleep on. Tired as I was, I tossed about until 2 a. m., and as I got up at 5:45 it rather was poor resting for the night after 100 mile ride against a breeze. The next day, Friday, was worse than the day before in this respect. At times I could scarcely pedal down a grade, and would have to walk along the level and up the next grade, was determined to reach Savage, Maryland, by night, about 90 miles, and I did it, but the twenty miles from Baltimore to Savage was terrible task. I was tired from my riding against the wind, but climbed the hills in order to avoid having to walk up them on the asphalt pavement, which seemed like a fiery furnace. At 4 p. m. I reached Savage, got a drink, laid down in the grass and slept until 6:30, when I awoke somewhat refreshed, had supper, a good night's sleep, and by the time I had had breakfast, felt like a different man.

At seven o'clock I left for Washington, and arrived at the office at 8:45, where I stopped for a drink. I created quite a sensation, for I was in full riding attire, and black as an Indian. One of the men called me "Missouri Bill," and I am afraid the name will stick.

On the whole I had a nice trip, saw a good bit of new country, made a lot of pleasant acquaintances, spent two fine days at the seashore, and did 520 miles of bicycle riding in a trifle over five days riding. My best day was 130 miles, and the next 100. There is no better way to see the country, but in the future I shall try hard to find a riding partner, as it makes a nicer trip. Besides this, when you ride alone, you ride faster. You set a limit you can keep up all day, and keep up to the limit, and there is always danger of overdoing it.

I am afraid this will end my vacations for awhile. I will start in on my school work in a short time, and that with my office work will keep me reasonably busy.

Give my regards to all my old friends.  
HARRIS E. PETREE.

## Real Estate Matters.

There was little doing in the real estate market of September, and there was a reduction of some \$30,000 in deals as compared with the month a year ago, but there was a slight reduction in the value of trust deeds filed, and a falling off of some \$25,000 in the amount of releases made.

The warranty transactions for the month just passed totaled \$63,453; trust deeds filed, \$49,852, and the releases were \$33,430.

There were but two deals made during the month involving 5,000 or over and these were:

Elmer L. Clark to Sarah A. Appleman, 7-61-35, ..... \$ 24,000  
C. M. Wickler to W. S. Thomson  
w2 no 36 and 11; a ne 35-63 40 10,000